A

# KEY

(With the WHIP) 8

To open the

# Mystery & Iniquity

OF THE

# POEM

CALLED,

*ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL:*

Shewing its

## Scurrilous Reflections

Upon both

## KING and KINGDOM.

---

Printed by *T. Snowden* for the Author. 1682.

A

# KEY

(With the WHIP)

To open the

Mystery & Antiquity

OF THE

# POEM

CALLED,

## ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL:

Shewing its

## Scurrilous Reflections

Upon both

## KING and KINGDOM.

---

Printed by T. Snowden for the Author. 1682.

# To the King and Queen, Lords and Gentlemen, who are notoriously traduced in that *Poem* call'd *Absolom* and *Achitophel.*

Dread Soveraigns, my Lords and Gentlemen,

NO *sooner had I* perus'd *that* Prophane, *and* Blasphemous Poem *before Named, but my* Spirit was *stirr'd up in me, as blessed* Pauls *was, when* he *beheld the Idolatry of the* Athenians, *Act.* 17. 16. [παροξύνετο] *he was Transported into an* Holy Bitterness, *he could not bear* it, *but must break forth into an open and severe reproof* of it. *The like Transport* (*into the like Paroxysm*) *hath prevail'd upon me, to make some severe Reflections,* (Quales, Quales sunt) *upon that* Scurrilous Libel: *'Tis Remarkable, that those* Superstitious Athenians *were too* Wise *to be won by the* Foolishness *of the Gospel, therefore no Church was planted there; as in other famous Cities of* Greece: *This* overture *is not to reclaim this* Libeller, *who* (*I fear*) *is unreclaimable, being too wise in his own Eyes; and* (*like* Solomons *Fool*) bray him in a Mortar; his folly will not depart from him, *had he not been such a self conceited Fool, and look'd upon Gods Gospel as a foolish Fable* (*with the* Pope, *to whom he is a pittiful Purveyor*) *he had never cal'd* Holy Marriage, *a* Curs'd Confinement, *which* (*the Gospel saith*) *is* Honourable:

[illegible] will Judge: *but 'tis an* Essay to Vindicate *that* Covenant of God *(in the first place)* and then your Honours *Successively from his Calumnies: wherein not only your Honourable* Persons *are exposed, but even the whole* Nation *and its* Representative, *are notoriously Libel'd: Small Scandals have short Legs, go neer the ground, and therefore are easily trodden under foot; but this* Scandalum magnatum *yea of Majesty itself is* Peccatum prægnans & gravidum, *'tis* Morbus complicatus, *so requires the strongest Corrasives to take down the proud Flesh or excrescence: I have read of the* Dutch, *how (when all their Bullets were spent) shot their Excrements against the* Indians, *wherewith* they *being Defil'd, could no longer endure the encounter, so gave the* Dutch *the Victory: Not unlike to this* Dutch Trick, *is this Libellers Design, the last (though a stinking) one: no doubt but the Noble* English *have more wit than the* Simple Indians, *to be thus wheedl'd into Slavery: and let the* Libeller *remember, that when Excrements are shot out at the mouth, 'tis an infallible Symptom of Approaching Death: His whole* Libel *is no other than a* Crafty Ape, *dress'd up in a* Gawdy Gown, *'tis all* Bad Matter, *beautified (which is all that can be said) with* good Meeter, *wherein he hath borrow'd his* Whips *from the* Furies of Hell *(from whence also he had his* Varnish*) all put into an* Apes *paw, to play pranks with them both, as differing Objects do offer, I would hope, none but* Apish, *and Popish Brats will heed them: may this small Bucket of Water contribute any thing to the quenching of this (too common) Conflagration, 'twill, be (I am assured) both Acceptable to you all, and to him who is your Majesties and Honours, &c. Most Humble Orator, &c.*

# A WHIP for the Fools Back,

WHO STYLES

# Honorable MARRIAGE

A

# Curs'd CONFINEMENT,

In his Profane POEM of

# Absalom *and* Achitophel.

TH' Old Proverb saith, *Painters* and *Poets* may
Feign what they please, How else dare th' Satyr say,

In pious times, ere Priest-craft did begin,
Before Polygamy was made a Sin,
When Man on many multiply'd his Kind,
'Ere One to One was Cursedly confin'd,
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd,
Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride,
Then Israel's Monarch after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To Wives and Slaves, and wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Makers Image through the Land.

Reader, Pause here! Mark how this Croaking Toad
(Thus *Origen* call'd lewd Poets Al-a-mode)
Spets out rank Poison 'gainst th' sole wedded Wife:
As if curst Whoring were a better Life;

See how much Venom he ſpets out at firſt,
(VVhich needs an Antidote) as 'f like to burſt.
View here the Head of *Polypus*, to th' Guſt
Luſcious enough, and gratifying Luſt,
Yet belching forth prodigious Horrid Lies,
Fleſh-pleaſing Notions, Hell's Impieties.
*This* was the old Ægyptian Hieroglyphick
For a laſcivious Poet moſt Specifick:
The *Polypus* is call'd a Noſe Diſeaſe,
As Lunatick, it doth with th' Moon increaſe,
A Monſtrous Tumor with its many Feet,
Even to a Laureat Poet more than meet;
This Spongy laxe Excreſcence none can cure it,
If an inveterate Cancer, who 'll endure it?
Not perfum'd Quoifs, Section and Uſtion too,
Not Hellebor nor Lignum Vitæ 'l do.
Or *Polypus* an Image ſignifies,
Of Fraudulence and filthy Flatteries,
*One of all Hours*, who Turns and Tunes his Brain,
To worſhip O: C's. Urn, as *Charles*'s VVain,
Can write an Elegy 'n high Commendations
Of *Cromwel*'s Conqueſts over ſundry Nations.
*Hodge* was his Fidler and this *John* his Poet,
Both Turn their Tunes now, theſe two can do it.
Their Arts are too too liberal, their Pen
Is Mercenary for the worſt of men,
And 'gainſt the beſt, uſing their Talents as
*Talents* come in, their VVages for it paſs.
Reader, lo here how dirty *Jack* begins,
Becomes a Patron for the worſt of Sins,
Pulls up the Sluce, lets in foul Inundations
Which over-whelms Lands, Cities, Corporations;
Making thoſe Times moſt Pious, which indeed
Were the moſt Impious, as *Sodom*'s Seed.

Promiſcuously flown, pull'd down a Tower
of Hell from Heaven, that level'd every Power,
And burnt their perſons for their Burning Luſts,
Whereby the *ſeventh Precept* God adjuſts
What was it that ſpu'd out th' Curs'd *Canaanites*
But their Uncleanneſs? yea Gods *Statutes*,
When Whoredoms multiply'd and cry'd to God,
Down comes Gods ſweeping Wrath and ſwinging Rod
That laid on Lames, and ſwept all away
And Ten of th' Twelve are loſt unto this day.
Would this *Jack Pudding* have men quench the Light
Of Nature, Law, and then Turn Atheiſts quite,
This Hells purveyor, chaſt Morallity
Calls *Prieſt-Craft* which is ſound Divinity;
He caſts his Dirt upon Gods Decalogue
The way to be a Stigmatized Rogue.
Was it *Prieſt-Craft* that roſted in one Line
[*Thou ſhalt not Whore*] amongſt the other Nine?
Was't *Prieſt-Craft* that made *Joſeph* to deny
When h' could not Sin that Great Impiety?
Was 't *Prieſt-Craft* when th' Patriarch *Judah* Doom'd
His Whoring Daughter *Tamar* to be Burn'd?
Was 't *Prieſt-Craft* when *Job* call'd Adultery
An Heinous Crime, Cap'tal Iniquity?
Many more Inſtances might be expreſt
Before there was either *Law* or *Goſpel-Preſt*
To Coin (by Craft) new Sins to th' Ten Commands,
As ſawcy *Jack's* wild Harangue underſtands.
Below Sage Heathens who Condemn this Evil
None durſt commend, as doth this Comick Devil,
Far better vers'd in th' *Turkiſh* Alcoran,
Which Pleads for Luſts made for the Guilt of man,
As if God gave thoſe Luſts to be enjoy'd,
Not vain, for Torment, if to be Deſtroy'd,

Abhorred be the *Romish* VVhores Devoirs,
VVhich License Stews i'th *Vatican* Memoirs:
Preferring th' *Alcoran* before Gods VVord,
And th' Unclean Devil before th' Holy Lord:
Shame take those Pests who make't a light offence,
A Peccadillo trick of Youthful Sense;
The Popish Priests make't but a Venial Sin,
If any Sin at all, *Jack Sawce* strikes in:
VVith this *Priest-Craft*, he should strike at indeed,
As if *Rome* Priest-Rid, palliates their breed
Of th' Devils Doctrines, He extenuates
VVhat Blessed *Joseph* gravely aggravates.
*Wickedness with a Witness*, he is bold
(VVhen but a Yonkster twenty seven years old)
To brand it to his wanton Mistress, when
He might have Sinn'd that sweet (so called) Sin.
Both with Security and Secrecy
Yet would not break that Bond of Loyalty
VVhich could not but b' Ignoble Treachery.
The Fear of God was his blest Ligament,
To Curb unruly Lusts, so that he sent
Away the Tempter fearing, he could not
Stain his Chast 'Scutcheon with so sad a blot,
Though th' Iron enter'd to his Soul, yet Sin
His guarded Spirit could not enter in.
He cannot sin to 'stroy Society
As this doth, and defiles Posterity;
Stealing sometimes an Heir into th'Estate,
And Bastard-Bratts thrusts out th'Legitimate.
Right Reason was his Rule, his honest Office,
Must rise from's honourable Benefice,
His Master had conferr'd upon him then,
Who render ill for good, are Div'lish men.

To

To argue from God's Liberality,
[Is Devils Logick] to sins Liberty.
Reason from mercy unto duty's sound,
To liberty's to walk the Devils round.
*Joseph* cann't be so disingenious
And base to 's Master, tho of th' Gyptian House.
Blessings are binders, new deliverance,
Is a strong tye to new Obedience;
Chast *Joseph* cannot sin against his God;
VVho makes all Marriage-Covenants, and stood
As Witness of this Bargain, keeps the Bonds,
Plagues th' Violaters with the sharpest wands:
*Joseph* in *Ægypt*, like an Orient Gemm
Comes forth from th' Puddle, next the Diadem,
Retains his Splendor, Vertue every where,
In Prison Peasant, in Palace *cong' de lier*,
The Tempter oft knock't at that Hatch, but there
Was none to answer, or to ope the Dore.
Satan struck oft his Hell-fire, but it fell
On Tinder wet; God was at's right hand still.
All this he did before Priest-Craft began,
(As th' *Romish* now) the Priests *Ægyptian*,
Did not give License to such lustfull ways,
In their most dark Dev'lish and dolesom Days.
Had *Jack* miss'd th' BIBLE, Read *Tertullian*,
*Ensis*, *equus*, *Mulier*, *Cætera* Κοινὰ φιλῶν.
Community of Wives he there might see
In Christian Lands 's a Monstrous Prodigie:
Or *Jerom*, who lays on most severe lashes,
To tempting women with their Paint and Patches:
Saying, they 're Damn'd, because they poison proffer'd,
Though they find none to drink it, when 'tis offer'd.
Well knowing that such naked Necks and Breasts,
May' Flame a *Judah* at the Devils Feasts,

And

And make a *Job* Break Covenant with his Eyes,
Since ours are oft full of Adulteries:
Or had *Jack* loath'd those Fathers who did write,
Too gravely for his wanton frothy Sp'rite.
Would he consult *Pagan* Philosophers,
The Wisdom of these Antients, not *loose Sirs*:
*Plato* condemns such Poets as he is,
For saying Men may do Iniquities,
Committing Sin 's no matter, if they hide
It, from the knowledge of th' Avenging side.
Wise *Cato*, *Æsop* would this Fool chastise,
And teach him better how to Moralize:
They compare Lust, unto a Head-strong Horse,
In'ts heat more Brutish, boisterous and worse.
Th' *Ægyptian* Law cut off the Harlots Nose,
And th' Gallants Members, justly doom'd to those.
The *Locrian* Law severely doom'd likewise,
To pull out both the Mans and VVomans Eyes.
Th'old *Roman Julian* Law, did doom this Crime,
To Death which was of force in *Herom*'s Time.
To come yet nearer, the Old *Saxon* Law,
Was more severe to keep this Sin in aw,
While they were *Heathens*, the Adultress,
Must first be strangl'd, and, as it 'twere less
Than she deserv'd, a Bonfire must burn her,
O're which is hang'd in Chains the Adulterer,
And by degrees is burnt to Death: their Sin,
Was thus writ on their punishment, a kin,
Burning for Burning is a doom most just,
Consuming Fire is for their burning Lust.
Not much unlike is th'other *Heathen* Law,
VVhich doom'd such Sinners Heads into the Maw,
Or Paunch of Slaughter'd Beasts, where th'dung dost ly,
There to be stifled till they choak and dye:

Then

Then fye upon thoſe curs'd *Adullamites*,
That ſow ſoft Pillows ev'n for *Sodomites*,
For Lawleſs Luſt when once it gets the Reins,
May againſt Nature burn, Judicial Pains
May make it run to put off Man hood true,
And become Doggs, yea worſe than ſo enſue.
How can ſuch dirty Doggs hope (with ſuch Leaven)
To trample on that Golden Pavement, Heaven:
Luſt never had ſuch a baſe Broker, as
Is this lewd Poet with his Florid traſh:
*Horace* and *Juvenal* are Saints to him,
They Vices brand with black, he makes them trim:
Blows up thoſe Flames that ſhould be quench'd, that
Of Hell to kindle, he's th'Coal-Carrier. [Hire
What is he good for, and his Verſes ten?
To ſweep hot Ovens among lawleſs Men.
Which of the MUSES Nine Dictates to thee
(Thou frothy Fool) all this Prophanity?
Whence is't, thou in ſo many Pages ſpace,
Should have ſome Wit, but not a Dram of Grace?
'Twas (ſure) ſome fury that thus thee poſſeſt,
Some unclean Spirit that turn'd thee to a Beaſt:
'Twas not brave *Cooley's* (ſure) Melpomene,
He in his *David's* more Divine than thee:
His Spirit's Divine, his Poem ſacred all,
Both thine's Prophane, as if at th'Devils Call.
Learn'd *Cooley* Sang for *Davids* endleſs honour,
But thou droll'ſt baſely to his grand diſhonour.
Making that Holy Man, a miſ-rules Maſter,
Painting him out as th' vileſt Whoremaſter,
Filling the Holy Land with Baſtard ſlab,
Scatt'ring his Royal ſeed on every Drab.
As if this None-ſuch King for Holineſs,
Had been a None-ſuch for unholineſs:

'Tis

'Tis (ſure) black Art, and not Divinity.
His Prologue of ten Lines would thus unty.
VVas the firſt man curs'dly confin'd to one?
All bleſt was (ſure) th'ſtate of perfection.
It was Mans Fall, that like *Pandora*'s Box,
Hurl'd out all Curſes on the World in Flocks.
Before it, there was none, yet then was Man,
Confin'd to one, and bleſt without a Ban.
God might have ta'ne two Ribs as well as one,
And made for man two VVomen of his Bone:
Had he not judg'd that one to one was Bleſt,
Not Curs'd, as this curs'd Poet doth atteſt.
If one to two be odds, to one be even, (ven.
Then th'odds is curs'd from Hell, not bleſt from Hea-
Variety of VVives is *Turkiſh* ware,
VVhich *England*'s Law moſt juſtly cannot bare.
Nor can the Law of God, Polygamy,
Th'firſt Inſtitution was Monogamy.
If one to one were th'firſt, then (ſure) before
This, could not be that one to two or more.
*Jack* ſaith, Prophaneſs made moſt pious Times,
Chriſt'ning for Vertues, th'loudeſt crying Crimes.
VVhen man on many multiplys his Kind,
Then property, Poſter'ti's Interlin'd.
As Nature prompts him, muſt man act indeed?
Then th'Thief acts well when he doth ſteal a Stead.
His Nature prompts him to't; all Villany,
This Palliation will well juſtify.
This black Blaſpemer ſaith, *No Law Deny'd,*
*Promiſcuous Uſe of Concubine and Bride.*
VVhen All forbids't, *Divine* and *Natural*,
*Civil* and *Church* Law, and *Domeſtical*,
Firſt, the *Divine Law* in both Teſtaments:
Doth contradict his filthy Sentiments.

In

*In old and New Testa.* } *Gen* 2. 24. *Levit.* 18. 18. *Deut.* 17. 17. *Mal.* 2. 15. *Math.* 19. 5 6. 1. *Cor.* 6. 16. *&* *Eph.* 5. 25. 32. 1. *Tim.* 3. 2 *Tit.* 1. 6. } *Pr.*

Thus both the Old and New conſpire in one
To cry down his abhorr'd Aſſertion.
Next comes the *Law of Nature* to decry,
His naſty patroniſ'd Polygamy.
Firſt, Humane Nature had this Early Leſſon,
That one with one muſt be the firſt connexion.
God made and brought but one, (not two) to *Adam*,
(The Dev'l brings more) whereby he plainly bad 'm.
That One ſhould be content with One, no more
Doth God allow; all elſe is Satans ſtore.
Beſides this Law of Nature grafted ſtood.
In force, until the time of *Noahs* Flood.
That Bleſſed Patriarch paired Men and Beaſts.
Not ſaving two for any one at th' leaſt
In his capacious Ark, each Male muſt be,
Contented with its Female, Bond or Free.
Moreover, *Natures Law*, ſuggeſteth thus,
[*Not do to others, what w' wiſh not done to us*]
This is the Golden Standard that God ſent,
And ſure no honeſt man can be content.
His Deareſt Wife ſhould take another Man
To be her Husband, ſay't who dare or can?
'Tis 'gainſt this *Law* of *Nature* too, if he,
Take to her *Whores*, which o're induced be.
And ſo polute his Matrimonial *Bed*,
(Which ſhould be Chaſt) and's *Board* whereat he's fed
Yet more, the *Law* of *Nature* dictates too,
That what is yours, ſhould not be ſtoln from you;
Your VVife is your own Fleſh; if ſnatcht away,
The ſnatcher ſins againſt this *Natures Law*,
And laſtly, *Nature's Law*, propounds good Ends,
Of Marriage, which Polygamy Offends.

As Honest Off-spring, quiet Habitation,
And many more, but it brings Desolation.
Thirdly the *Civil Law* doth *it* condemn,
Some of its *Pandects* were, this Tide to stem.
Yea civil Sanctions 'mongst th'Heathen sages,
Are found to Damn *it* unto future Ages.
And fourthly, *Laws Ecclesiastical*,
Do Damn it also in each Decretal,
And *Clemens*, *Austin*, *Crysostom*, and all
The Fathers Damn 't with one Voice general.
Lastly, 'tis Doom'd by th'Rule of *private Law*,
The right of Parity men keep in aw.
'Twixt partys equal, as in Wedlock is,
Two in one Yoak, there's no room for a Miss.
Yea Churlish *Laban*, who plain *Jacob* cheats,
Makes him Polygamist by 's wily feats:
Yet doth condemn Polygamy in this,
Swearing his Son not t'introduce a Miss.
Upon his Daughters, * which he doth confess,
Is an offence 'gainst *Natures Light* no less.
All those five *Laws*, this Buzzard Blind o'relooks.
And saith, no Law forbad it in *his Books*.
Some urge the practise of some Scripture-Saints,
Which yet God brands not for extravagants.
These cann't be cogent Argumentatives,
No Proof can rise from meer Negatives.
There's many sins in Scripture-Books Related,
which yet on Record are not all stigmated.
Though God reprove not *Lot* for 's foul *Incest*,
Nor *Noah* for his *Drunkenness*: at th'best,
They're both but Beastly sins, none dare deny,
Except this wretch, whom *Nature* prompts so high.
The patrons of Polygamy must know,
GOD's RULE Mans practise cannot overthrow.

Gen. 30. 50.

No

No Patriarks practiſe can preſcribe Gods word,
The former with the latter muſt accord.
Wherein it doth not, 'tis a crooked Deed,
VVhoever was the doer, th Rule muſt lead
To a right judgment, of all right or wrong;
Reduce all Deeds to th firſt Inſtitution.
There their Polygamy doth look awry,
*'Twas not ſo from th' Beginning.* ſee ſo high.
The beſt of men cann't make bad Actions good;
Becauſe they di ſo, this proof never ſtood.
Some ſay, this was the Patriarks priviledge,
(To make ſin lawful th'Pope's not in that Age.)
Rather their Ignorance, incogitancy,
Th'firſt Marriage-Law it broke they did not fancy.
Some ſay, it was their meer miſtake of th' *Text*, * *Levit.*
*Thy Wife ſhall' nt be by 'n added Siſter Vext.* 18. 18.
*Siſter* they took for one in *Blood* not *Nation*,
Tho th' clauſes [*during Life* and *for Vexation.*]
Clearly Demonſtrate, th'latter is the ſence,
Yet common cuſtom made it Mood and Tenſe.
Its long continuance made it ſeem no ſin,
Grown faſhionable 'twas, a Tempting gin;
Still Debts are Debts, tho they long dormant lye,
And men not know them, Debts do ſeldom dye.
Thoſe Saints, yet ſinners, ſure each godly ſire, * 1. *Cor.*
VVas notwithſtanding * *ſav'd, yet ſo 's by Fire.* 3. 18.
If Man would mind the ſharp conteſts that fly,
'Twixt *Sarah* 'nd *Hagar* in *Abram*'s Family,
Th ebrawls that roſe twixt *Rachel* and *Leah*
In *Jacob*'s Houſe, 'twixt *Hannah* 'nd *Peninna*'s,
In good *Elkanah*'s, there they'd clearly ſee,
How God-diſpleaſing is Polygamie,
'Mongſt all the Jewiſh Kings Mark alſo well,
VVhat Doleful Tragedies doth th' Scripture tell,

VVere acted 'mongst them, all arising hence,
To shew to pure Eyes, 'tis great offence.
They had their Hell, their Fire, their Punishment,
In this world, which for this their sin was sent.
Nor did this Poets *David* scape scot free,
For scatt'ring Seed in his Polygamy.
Oh what *Rapes*, *Murders* and *Rebellions*,
VVere perpetrated by his sev'ral Sons?
Of sev'ral Venters all at once; the Devil
Fill'd *Davids* House with all Remarks of Evil.
He was Gods Jaylor, to retaliate,
All like for like upon this Monarchs Pate.
His Sword had slain *Urias* for his VVife,
His Sons slay one another by their strife.
The Sword of *Ab-shalom* his *Father's Peace*,
Seeks to slay *David* in his Age-decrease.
And though t be said, *God gave him th'Wives of Saul*,
Yet this will not Monogamy controul.
'Tis said, *into his Bosom*, not *his Bed*,
Nor, that he took *one of them*, do we read.
Into his Royal Bed or Bosom e're,
Too old for th'first, too false for th'last they were.
Besides 'twas *Incest* * *Michal* was another,
He could not *Marry th'Daughter and the Mother.*
Therefore *by Bosom* must be meant all those,
Dear things of *Saul* was brought to his Dispose.
Suppose it true in strict Grammatick Sence,
It meaneth but Gods Gift of Providence.
An act of suff'rance, not of approbation,
Polyg'my had its time of *Tolleration.*
Never *Allowance*, more than *Shimei's* Curse,
VVhen God ('tis said) *bad him*: so that that's worse.
Hence *David was not after Heavens Heart,*
*While he his warmth did variously impart.*

* *Levit.* 18. 8.

To

*To Wives and slaves*, As th' doting Poet Dreams;
This brought on him of Vengeance many Streams;
*David* doth often his own Picture Draw
With his own Pencil in's Psalmodick Law,
View his *Hosannah's*, *Hallelujah's* well,
His Penitentials do loudly Tell,
He crys out *Peri*, and *peccavi*, to
Both *God* and *Nathan*, when convinced so;
By a fit parable, undone am I,
For *I have sinn'd*, by my *Adultery*,
'*Gainst Thee*, Thee onely have I sinn'd, O God
My *Trespass* stands 'gainst Man, th' *Transgression* flood:
'Gainst God alone, who can the Guilt remove,
And th' Punishment Remit, both *Works* above
Mans Reach, I have despised thy Command,
In this my *Twisted Sin*, Defil'd my Land,
My Soul, my Body, and my Neighbours Wife,
Yea, I have sinn'd against my Neighbours Life,
I'm Damn'd, I'm Damn'd! for ever Woe to me,
Woe and alas, unless I b' sav'd by Thee,
All this His penitential Psalm * Implys,
Where he bewails (his comp!ex'd) Miseries. * *Psal.* 51.
Then (wretched Poet) how darst thou commend,
*David* for that, for which h' himself Condemn'd,
His excellency lay in h's *Pen*, *Sword*, *Harp*,
And in his *Holy*, not *Adulterous Heart*,
*Chrysostome* gives a better Reason for
His High'st Encomium 'bove all *Prophets* (Sir,
Than thou dost) say's, *This Man after Gods Heart*,
Was cal'd so, cause of Pray'r, he had the Art,
[Ani Tephillah] He's made up of Pray'r, * * *Psal.* 109. 4.
Breathing out *Psalms*, while h' Breath'd in any Air,
*City*, or *Country*, Wilderness or Wood,
Each Prov'dence Prompts him to a praying Mood;

Besides;

Besides, God struck that Child basely begot
Yet, He that's born in th' honest Marriage Knot
Of the same Venter, Lives and gets the Crown,
(A sign from Heav'n) and came to great Renown:
To Omit here some Learned men's nice Notion,
That his or'e liberal Seed Emanation,
(For which this obscene Poet him extols,)
Brought a *cold Palsey*, which him so controls,
Onely a living Salve can keep him warm
At th' Age of seventy years, yet no such Harm
Befals some of his Time, above that Age,
Who held their Heat and Strength in Equipage:
Next, view his Son, brave *Solomon* the Wise,
Whose Wisdom the whole World did Canonize,
b 1 Kings 11. 1. Till turn'd of Fifty, then a *But* [b] comes on
That Clouds his Splendours, stains his 'Scutcheon
*Love to strange Wives* makes him effeminate,
Corrupts his Soul, and quite oreturns his State,
This luscious Poyson, makes him violate
e Deutern. 17. 17. Gods Law, [c] cast of Gods Worship, when
d Who is meant by Astaroth 1 Kin. 11. 5 He Worship'd *Venus*, [d] like Lascivious Men,
Ladies of Pleasure spoils his Wisdom quite,
Despumes his Grace; he turns Idolothyte,
His *Love* to *Moabs Misse's* was but *Lust*,
Which if once Kindled, th' Flames of *Etna* must
Sooner be Quench'd than it, for wantons spare not
To bury all in th' Bosom of an Harlot
Their *Names*, *Souls*, *Bodies*, all their States and Stores,
Are sad Devoirs, and Servat'eurs to VVhores,
One *Dalilah* great *Sampson* can bewitch
Much more might *Sol'mon's* Thousand, unto which
He basely Truckl's, he's in sordid things,
Captive of Captives, while a King of Kings,
e The last Assyrian Monarch. *Sardanapalus* [e] like, he's stupify'd,
By's Bosom Spinsters, and then nullify'd:

The

The Papists hang him, 'cause so foul He fell,
One half in Heav'n, th'other half in Hell.
And from his Fall the *Prophet* a takes his Date,
Of's Temp'l's ruin thence doth Terminate,
Next view this *Wise-man's* only Son of many
Both Wives and Concubines, yet had not any,
Save *Rehoboam*, and he prov'd a b Child,
If not a c Fool at forty, d base, beguil'd,
By this Sweet Poyson, *loving many* e *Wives*,
Accordingly his Kingdom with him Thrives
*Sodomy's* fin'd, f and the Father's Golden Shields,
He turn's to Brazen, g and this *soft-pate* yields
To *Forraign* Forces t' *Domestick* too
His Kingdom was Divided into two,
Th' *Father* and th' *Son* had (both them) Rent in Twain
Gods Worship 'twixt th' true God and Idols Vain,
The *Son of Nebat* shares the Kingdom with him,
And bears away the better part of't from him;
The like Remarks on many other Kings,
In *Sacred* and in *Civil* story Rings,
And contradicts this grand Blasphemous Tool,
*Polygamy*, who crys up like a Fool:
The first *Polygamist* we Read of was,
Thrasonick *Lamech*, h that most bragging Asse,
A Wicked Wretch, of Cursed *Cain's* Race,
As *Cruel* and as *Carnal* to Deface,
First, that first Marriage-precept strikes no Aw,
*Two*, i and no more, *shall be one flesh* in Law.
Plagu'd with Domestick Discords was his Life,
By Domineering h' would suppress their strife,
Swearing presumptuously Revenge on those
That durst molest him, Wives or Friends or Foes.
Next to this Braggadoce's *Polygamist*,
Was Prophane *Esau*, Marrying as he List,

a Ezek. 4. 5. *Junius.*
b 2 *Chron.* 13. 7.
c *Eccles.* 2. 18 19.
d 1 *Kin.* 14. 21
e 2 *Chron.* 11 23.
f *v.* 24.
g *v.* 25. 27.
h Gen 4. 19. 23, 24.
i Gen. 2. 24.

The

k *Gen.* 26 34. 35 The two untamed Heifers, [k] which did Vexe,
l *Gen.* 24 His Godly Parents, both forbidden Sexe,
3. *Deut.* 7. Of Curſed *Cham*, the worſt of *Canaanites*, [l]
3 m *Ezek* 16 3. For which th' Apoſtle plainly him Endites,
n *Heb.* 12. 16. A [n] *Fornicator*, Th' Rabby's call him can,
A Pleaſure-Monger, and Whore-Maſter man,
*No better were the Reſt*, 'mongſt th' Patriarchs,
None like to *Iſaac*, had ſuch high Remarks.
o *Gen.* 24 67 Tis only ſaid of him, [o] *He lov'd his Wife*,
He takes no more but one in all his Life,
p *Prov.* 5. 18. 19 20. She was his *Loving Hind*, [p] and *pleaſant Roe*,
(Both which be Faithful to their Mates men know,)
He Raviſht was with Her, not a ſtrange one,
But wholly gave himſelf to her alone,
q *Mal.* 2. 14. 15. 16. This was th' firſt Precedent, as th' Prophet [q] told,
*God had the Reſidue of Breath*, and could
For *Adam* have made more, and Breath'd more Life,
Had he not Judg'd enough for him *one Wife*:
And *wherefore one but for a Godly Seed*,
Not for baſe Brambl's ſuch as th' Baſtard breed:
Would *Jack* have Men to Live like Britiſh Beaſts,
On th' *common* Glutt their Luſt by *Likes* and *Liſts*;
Woe to Thee for corrupting Country, Court,
For making Rogues and Whores, as if good Sport,
They Damn'd may be, for their Vile Acting of it,
But thou'lt be double Damn'd for prompting to it.

*London*, Printed by *Th. Dawks*, and ſold by *L. Curtiſs*.

A

# KEY

## (With the WHIP)

To open the

## MYSTERY and INIQUITY

OF THE

# POEM

CALL'D

## *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THus far His Braz'd fac'd *Preface* (a vile Design)
Call'd for a *Comment Rugged*, yet *Divine*,
His *Book*'s no better, *Head* and *Body* too
Of *Polypus* stinks on, to th' Realm Undo;
As Full of *Hell*, as *Ink*, sublimely Base,
If *it* th' *Impartial* { κατὰ πόδας } Trace.
Or { step by step do }
*View* but distinctly's *Jewish Allegories*,
Allusions of both's *English Whigs*, and *Tories*.
Never were th' *Harp*, and th' *Harrow* more unlike,
Not *Even*, but *Odd All* his *Two*'s do strike;

*Jewiſh* and *Engliſh* th' vaſt *Diſparity*
Next *View* betwixt, but no *Congruity* :
Had *Plutarch* made ſuch parallels as This
*Fond Poet* doth, he had deſerv'd an Hiſs ;
K. *Charles.* Firſt to begin with's Top-Compariſon
Of Holy *David* to our *Soveraign.*
The Type of Chriſt he makes our *Charles's Type,*
Yet draws foul Figures of the *Antitype* ;
As if embracing *Queans* o're all *his* Land,
Inſtead of's Royal *Queen* with's Royal Hand :
'Tis true this Godly King had many Wives,
Yet neither He, nor th' Reſt leading ſuch Lives,
Can be excuſ'd from Sin, unleſs he'l prove,
A *Divine Diſpenſation* did them move,
But not *one word* ; ſuppoſe God Tolerated
This ill for good, yet not Anticipated
Is his *firſt Law* hereby, it ſtands in Force
'Gainſt all Exceptions, and all falſe Divorce ;
Firſt *one to one* was the firſt *bleſt* Confinement,
*More* is a *Monſter*, and a *Curſ'd* conſignment ;
Man then was bid to cleave unto his *Wife,**
* Mat. 19. 5. Not unto *Wives*, and this was during Life,
If neither of the two have power over
* 1 Cor. 7. 4. Their *Bodies,** then they can't give to another.
Though *David* did excel all other Kings,
His Vertues ſhone, *Save only in the Things*
* 1 King. 15. 5. *Of's brave Uriah,** whoſe *Cade lamb* he took
Unto his Flock, and ſo *Gods Law* forſook :
This Wicked Poet, one of th' Devils Imps,
O're looks all th' Good, and like a Prince of Pimps
Fixes on's Fault, propounds 't for Imitation,
A Pattern prompt for a Kings Gloriation.
(*Scarabeus* like) he flies o're fragrant Flowers ;
And falls on ſtinking Dung, which he Impowers

A Princes Preſident, like *Machiavel*,
Propounds a Pattern prompting towards Hell:
Thus fawning Sycophants do bolſter up
Their Lords in ill, their ſpittle they will ſup.
Thoſe Cur-Dogs, currying Kindneſs, ſuck the Blood
While they but lick the wound, as pleaſing Food,
Kind-Murtherers of Souls in Court are theſe,
*Aiones*, and *Negones*, what you pleaſe:
Next is our Engliſh Queen the Poets Scorn, Q. *Katherine.*
Becauſe ſhe's Barren, *She* muſt be forlorn:
Though mocking *Michals* may have barren Wombs,
Impos'd as th' Curſe of God to cut their Combs
For Scorning Piety, * yet Daughters of * 2 Sam. 6. 23.
*Sarah* as well as *Saul* (whom he doth huff)
May Barren be; *Man is not in Gods ſtead,* * *Gen. 30. 1.
The Key of Wombs is at Gods Girdle ti'd:
How dare this black-mouth'd wretch blaſpheme a Queen,
To' Afflict th' Afflicted *baſe* hath even been:
Near to the King he falls on *Monmouth* next, D. of *Monmouth.*
Makes th' Story of proud *Abſalom* his Text.
This Noble *Duke* he makes his *Abſalon*,
As if a Traitor to the King and Crown;
Oh thou *Incongruous Fool*, what parallel
That's Congruous 'twixt theſe *two* canſt thou tell?
*Joſephus* and the *Scripture* limn to life
Thy vile Ambitionists moſt reſtleſs Strife
To Rape the Crown before his Fathers Death,
Sick of his life, he fought to ſtop his Breath. * 2 Sam. 16. 11.
A Graphical Deſcription of this Type,
Set out in 'ts Colours, Epithets moſt Ripe;
Stands upon Record with this ugly Brand,
A compleat *Rogue*, *Ambitious*, *Arrogant*,
*Ungrateful*, *Lying*, a *Diſſembling Wretch*,
Who th' Reins of luſtful *Reins* did lewdly ſtretch,

*Traitor to's Father, Rebel to his King,*
*Subverter of the People, every thing*
Accompliſhing a Villain Sublimate
Without a *parallel* in Realm, or State:
And muſt brave *Monmouth* be his parallel,
By Renegado Wits of *old Cromwell*.
Five hundred Guinnies makes him ſell his *Senſe*,
His *King* and *Country*, and his *Conſcience*:
Oh lump of Impudence, where canſt thou find
That e're *Pride budded* * thus in *Monmouths* mind?
Was e're he hammering and hatching out,
For two full years any Rebellious Rout?
As did thy *Abſalom*: did e're this *Duke*
His Fathers Judges Brand in ope Rebuke *,
Affecting to be made *Judge* in the Land;
Soothing all Plaintiffs that their *Cauſe* would ſtand
*Right*, or *Wrong*, ſmooth them up with gawdy words,
To ſteal away their Hearts, while War and Swords
Were in his Heart againſt his Fathers Crown,
Fit to be made a *Chanc'lour* of Renown:
When did this *Noble Duke* aſpire a Train
Of Princely Port like a *Succeſſours* Aim?
When did he Court, Collogue, Crouch, Cring to th' (Rabble?
All's true of *Abſalom*, of th' *Duke* a Babble:
Stoln hath *he* many Hearts, *unto the King*,
But never any *from him*, That's the thing
Thou doſt traduce *him* with, as baſely by
Counterfeit Court'ſy *ſtoop'd to climb* on high:
A *Votary* when ſeem'd *he* for Religion,
Only to palliate Deſign'd Rebellion?
When did *he* ſend his Spies abroad the Land
To feel the Peoples Pulſes, bring to Hand,
Their Hands and Hearts to his *Conſpiracy*;
Though ſome attend him in *Simplicity*:

* Ezek. 7. 10.

* 2Sam, 15. 3. *Joſephus.* V. 4.

Much

Much more Diſpar'ty might be Blazon'd on,
'Twixt our *Young Hero*, and this *Rebel Son*,
Thy *Type* and *Antitype* Concords no better,
In 'ts *Starched* Verſe, and *Dedicated* Letter.
More clear 'twill be in thy *Achitophel*,
*Sage Shaftesbury* thou makes his Parallel.
The only hit is both were Oracles,
All th' reſt are empty ſounds, and idle Kackles:
Thy *Type* pernicious Counſel did infuſe,
That th' Rebel Son a princely pomp *might* uſe
Chariots and Horſemen, fifty Footmen, all
The vulgar to perſtringe, and them enthrall,
*Muſt riſe up early*, call the *Plaintiff* to him,
Shew Zeal to Right from thoſe that would undo *him*.
*Muſt meet* all Suiters, *ſay* their Cauſe was good,
Though nere ſo bad, yet none deputed ſtood,
In's Courts to Right them, he *muſt* undertake,
Promiſe Redreſs from Griefs for *Juſtice* ſake,
Though never meant it, but to gain their Loan,
From *Davids* Carkaſs he might ſtep to th' Throne.
With many more inſinuating Tricks,
Impatient of delays, th' *Mock-Sun* to fix.
In's Royal Orb before th' *True Sun* was ſet,
*Preſent Poſſeſſion* of the Crown to get:
Did e're *our Earl Brisk Monmouth* thus adviſe,
For a prepoſt'rous Throne to Tantalize,
His Fathers *Perſon*, *Juſtice* to Traduce,
To th' Rabble ſay, *His Courts* were of no Uſe,
To hear their cauſe, and to Redreſs their wrong,
Such Poiſon 's not transfus'd into *his* Tongue:
When did *he* teach this *Duke* to Vilify
His *Fathers Magiſtrates* for Villany,
To vulgar Ears, *His Dote-Age Government*,
Yet th' *People* praiſe even to the firmament,

E. of *Shaftesbury*.

Sordidly

Sordidly fawn *them* from their Wit and Reason,
And deep involve *them* into horrid Treason;
That *Subtil Fox*, the true *Achitophel*,
Was at the bottom of this *Cursed Spell*;
( Though he lay lurking in his hole unseen )
To black and blast th' Kings fame (from spiteful spleen,)
As if *he* had no care to execute
Justice *himself*, nor others did depute,
To do it under *him*, nor did *he* blame
Those that neglected it, to h's Kingdoms shame,
A *Shameless Slander* of a *Graceless Son*,
* 2 Sam. 8. 15. ( *Justice to all* ( God testifies * ) *was done* )
Which that old lurking Fox had foisted in
To *his Ambition*, th' *Rising Sun* to win.
The *Setting Sun* found him a wicked Man,
Unconscionable POLITITIAN;
So breaks with him, who hereupon withdraws,
Lays close at *Giloh*, yet puts forth his paws;
Paved a way by h's close persuasion,
Prompting the simple to Rebellion.
This crafty *Ape* draws Nuts out of the Fire,
With the *Cats* paw to save his own entire:
Thus th' *Coadjutor* of this Damned Plot,
Made Hellish Bolts, by fools then to be shot,
( If not its *Author* ) yet plays least in sight,
Lurking at home, disguised from the Light,
In's Country House, that it might not be known,
His *Hand* did manage this *Rebellious Son*;
Wherein his *Head* and *Heart* were deep engag'd,
Engaging vulgar *Hands*, being sore inrag'd,
'Gainst *David* who cashierd him from his Place;
( When's Roguish Craft was seen with open Face )
Revenge he'l take, though at the first behind,
The Curtain undiscern'd, but's wicked mind,

( Twice

(Twice dipt in th' Devils Dy-fat, th' Scarlet die)
Makes him appear 'mongſt th' Rebels publickly,
Then gave he *Abſalom* thoſe damn'd Deſigns,
*Firſt* to act Inceſt on th' *Kings Concubines*;
Oh Helliſh Tongue worthy to be cut out,
And ſhred in Gobbets, and thruſt down *his* Throat,
That thus miſus'd it, prompting his *new King*,
To ſuch Unpardonable, Villanous a Thing;
Beſides the hazard of's Immortal Soul,
Which Flagrant Sin wiſe Council would controul,
This peſtilent Advice was, that the Son
Might be abhorr'd of h's Father, thereupon
All Hands of th' Rebel Rout reſolv'd would be,
When reconcilement they no hope could ſee:
This matchleſs Fact was done (at his Advice)
Before the Sun, before all *Iſraels* Eyes,
Thus he who's call'd *Gods Oracle*, this Time
Was th' *Devils* to promote this Crying Crime.
The *next Deſign* of this *Arch-Rebel* was
To ſurprize *David*, ere he ſuccour ha's,
As not enough to be th' *Kings Principal*,
In *Council*, He'l be *Captain-General*.
*Counſel* moſt Politick, yet Peſtilent,
To make the *Rebel* thrive, but *David* ſhent.
Oh how he pleas'd himſelf, and th' *Rebel-Son*,
Thus to contrive the Death of 's *Soveraign*:
But God o're rules, that *Counſel much applauded*,
(Man's mutable) becomes betimes exploded;
Now (*Wretch*) review all this which God doth tell
Of *Abſalom*, and of *Achitophel*:
Compare thy ſcurrilous Libel with all this,
Thy Lines, not parallel, they run amiſs.
Here thou mayſt ſee thy mercenary Bable,
Thy *Cento Talmud's* a fond Jewiſh Fable:

Mark

Mark all the parts of thy curs'd Character;
Thou doſt not hit in one, all interfere:
I read not that e're th' *Jews Achitophel*,
Had modern Match, ſave only *Machiavel*.
That crafty *Florentine*, *both* th' *Devils Slaves*,
*He* was their Maſter, taught them in his *Traves*.
To bolſter up great Princes in their Sin,
That their *Applauſe* and *Treaſure* they might win:
In all the ſhop of Hell, no Anuile can
Be found ſo ſet, as th' *Matchiavillian*.
Whereon to forge ſome choice miſchievous piece,
No Engine Fitter to tranſact with Geeſe:
How well this Hebrew name with ſenſe doth ſound,
[ *A Fools my Brother** ] though in wit profound.
Moſt wicked wits are th' *Devils* chieſeſt Tools,
Which ever in the Iſſue *God* Befools:
Can thy *Compare* ( vile Varlet ) once hold true,
Of th' *Loyal Lord*, and this *Diſloyal Jew*,
Was e're our *Engliſh Earl* under Diſgrace,
And as *Unconſcionable* put out of place?
Hath he laid lurking in his *Country-Houſe*,
To plot Rebellions, as one Factious?
Thy Bog-trot Blood-Hounds Hunted have this *Stagg*,
Yet cannot faſten their foul fangs, *they Flagg*.
Why didſt not *thou* bring in *thy* Evidence
(*With them*) to rectify th' *Brave Juries* ſenſe,
And ſo prevent the *Ignoramus*, nay
Thou waſt Cock-ſure he would be damn'd for Ay,
Without thy preſence, thou was then employ'd,
To Brand him, 'gainſt he came to be Deſtroy'd:
'Fore hand preparing him for th' Hangmans Ax,
Had not the Witneſſes been found ſo Lax;
Did e're this *Earl* our *Duke* (*vain Poetaſter*)
Adviſe to bring his Father to Diſaſter?

* [ *Achi* ] My Brother, and [ *Tophel* ] a Fool-*Hebr.*

To

To *seek* his life, and to be *sick* on't too,
As being too long a life, no more ado,
But up in Arms, proclaim himself *the King*,
Baniſh his Father, yea e'ry evil thing!
Advis'd *he Him* to climb his Fathers Bed,
To Rape his Concubines on Tops of Lead?
In view of all our *Engliſh Iſrael*?
*He* hates *his* Acts, yet's made *his Parallel*:
Would *he* have *him* to be a Graceleſs Son?
A Bloody Rebel? with his Fathers Throne?
Yea and *his* Death who *ever* had been kind?
No, no, in *none* ſuch faults canſt thou him find:
When did this *Earl* a Band of Men require,
(As *Captain*) to cut off his *Royal Sire*?
No, there's no room in th' *Earl* to *give*, in th' *Duke*,
To *take* ſuch peſtilent Advice; they look
At higher, and more honeſt things than Plots,
Unlike th' *Areh Rebel Jews*, thy Two By-gots:
Mark (Fool) thy *Crimes*, ſo many as thy *Themes*,
Thou Sports on Sacred Writ, and thou Blaſphemes
Both *God* and *Men*, yea *Great* as well as *Small*,
*Magnatum* ſcandal makes no bones at all.
Thy venom'd Quill ſpares neither *Earl* nor *Duke*,
Nor *Queen*, nor *King*, in thy pernicious Book:
But how (*mad Poet*) cometh this to paſs,
That thy *Achitophel* ſo branded was;
In thy wild Poem's firſt Impreſſion, where
His *Characters* moſt *Black*, moſt *Beaſtly* were,
A *Fiend of Hell, Curſt to all Ages*, He
With more foul ſtuff is ſtigmatiz'd by thee;
But doſt on ſecond thoughts *twelve lines* rehearſe,
All to correct thy Sawcy Satyr Verſe:
Thou breaks th' *Earls* Head, a Plaiſter then thou offers,
When for thy doing ſo, thou'd fill'd thy Coffers:

Thou ( *Battus Bantling* ) canſt blow hot and cold,
All with one breath, like th' Roman Bird of old,
Ha's [ χαῖρε χαῖρε ] [ Αἶρε τοῦτον ] too
As pleaſed, or diſpleaſed were twixt two.
Thy *Fawning* or thy *Faulting* Talent comes,
As Fools, or Knaves thee with their *Talents* Crowns
Thy tickling, or thy *ſcratching* gift doſt uſe,
As Men thee pay, it not, thou'lt *Beſt* abuſe;
Thy mercenary Tongue can ſay, unſay
Of th' [ *C.* ] or [ *O. C.* ] any one for pay:
This ſhows, thou art of th' Curſed Jewiſh Race,
*Hoſannahs*, *Crucifies* canſt cry apace,
As th' Tide doth turn, can praiſe, or th' *Earl* diſpraiſe,
Can caſt *him* down, and up again *him* raiſe.
Firſt wounds him with thy ſcandalizing Gin,
Theu ſalves him as a matchleſs *Abbeth din*;
'*Unbrib'd*, *Unſought*, the *Wretched to Redreſs*,
' *Swift of Diſpatch*, and *eaſy of Acceſs*.
'*He Fame deſerv'd*, *no Enemy can Grudge*,
' And had *clear Eyes*, *clean Hands*, while he was Judge.
Oh *Proteus*, *Changling*, thus to *change* thy Note,
Thy frothy Fancy flyes, thy Brain's afloat.
How comes thy Head to be vertiginous,
In a Diameter thou drolling thus?
Was it becauſe the *Ignoramus* wind
Whirl's th' Weathercock about *thy twelve* to find?
Or was't becauſe *Apollo* and his *Maſes*
Had *Worm*'d thy *Tongue* to work off thy Abuſes?
Or was't the *Oil* of Crab Tree, which Anoints,
( As in *Roſe-Ally* once) thy natty Joints?
No better Antidote is found to fetch
That plaguy poiſon out of th' Whiffling Wretch;
If this Beaſts Tongue be not cut out and *tri'd*,
Or th' Head hang'd up in Tyburn Tippit tide,

Why

Why dost thou not thy Parable pursue?
Make this *Earl* hang himself, a Death his due;
Were he so base as thy *Achitophel*,
Not hope for *Heaven*, nor yet fear an *Hell*.
No, no, thy after-wit in th' *Earl* espi'd,
Instead of *Sadling's Ass*, (and him bestride,)
His *Anger* he could *bridle*, all Affronts
He calmly puts up, never vengeance Haunts;
Though harmless, to himself not conscious,
Not as Judge *Belknap*, Self-condemn'd, said thus,
*There only wants an Hurdle, Horse, and Halter,*
*To do me right, and present State to Alter.*
Had such despairing phrenzy him subdu'd,
Such Hony-drops thy malice had bedew'd;
Thy Romanizing mind, Romantick Eye,
Had glutted been with this sad Tragedy.
No less had been, had th' Jury found the Bill.
By th' *Fatal Ax his* Noble Blood to Spill;
Had th' Deed been done *by Self*, or by Jack *Ketch*,
It Canoniz'd would be a *Romish Fetch*:
But both's defeated; now's thy *After-Game*,
(Seeing his Sun break forth from th' Cloud of Shame)
With *twelve inserted Lines* t' insinuate,
Whom (before this) thou didst Recriminate:
Why dost not thou hang up *thy Absolon*,
Upon some forked Oak; that *Rebel-Son*.
Hung by the Head between the *Earth and Heaven*,
*Both* scorn'd that Wretch, *a lump of Cursed Leaven.*
The *Oak's* his *Throne*, and twisted Hair his *Crown*,
Three Darts through's Heart, his *Scepter* of Renown:
Thus art thou *lame* in both thy Parallels,
Thy *Absoloms*, and thy *Achitophels*.
Thy Similies run not Upon four feet,
Are foully founderd, and do lamely meet,

What ever likeneſs in their *Heads* may be,
Yet do their *Feet* moſt groſly diſagree;
Nor have their *Bodies* better Harmony.
Nor in thy *Zimri* happier is thy Hit;
D. of *Buck.* Whom *Buckingham* thou baſely makes to Fit:
Thy *Monmouths Type* is a baſe publick peſt,
Whoſe *fouleſt Soul's* in a *fair Body* dreſt,
And an Incorrigible PARRICIDE,
Whom Heav'n and Earth a Room at laſt deny'd:
Next, this *Duke* with thy Dirt muſt be defil'd,
As if his *Grace* moſt Graceleſs were and vil'd.
And having loſt all's love to's *Iſrael*,
Which of th' two *Zimri's He's*, thou canſt not tell.
Not *Cozbi's* Rogue *he* is, nor *Ela's* Traitor,
Neither of theſe agree in mode or matter.
The firſt (that curſed *Simeonite*) he's not,
*Num. 25. 14, 15. (Who brought on *Iſrael* that *flagrant Blot**)
By *Balaams* Counſel) *He* was *Young, this old*,
*He* hug'd *Outlandiſh, this* true *Engliſh Mold*:
A Foreign Whore, and a Domeſtick Wife,
Differs *them* much in *Law* as well as *Life*.
*He* and his Whore in th' flagrancy of Luſt,
By *Phinehas* Javelin were both thorow thruſt;
Thy *Sagan Phinehas* never durſt ſhew
Such Vengeance on *this Zimri*, bold and true,
To th' *Engliſh Intereſt*, no *Popiſh chatter*,
Therefore thou doſt ſo fouly him beſpatter;
Suppoſe him too extravagant, and kind,
Still hath he a right *Noble Engliſh Mind*:
Thou coins fine Speeches for thy *Abſalon*,
For thy *Achitophel*, ſtill drolliug on.
Why doſt not thou as old *Joſephus* doth,
Coin a fine Speech for thy *Falſe Zimri's*, both

'Gainſt *God* and *Moſes*, palliate his Sin,
And bold'y Mann his Crime through thick and thin:
*Zimri* in Hebrew [*cut off*] ſignifies
As th'Vine's ſuperfluous Branches pruned lies,
This *Graceful* Engliſh Vine-branch ſtands upright,
Still *uncut off* by Romiſh Rage and Spight;
Though he affronteth them in *Deed*, and *Word*,
Saying, fond Romaniſts do *eat their Lord*,
Could they but *eat the Devil* too, ſaid *He*,
A Romaniſt with th' firſt i'le ſurely be:
Thy wanton *Zimri* was old *Salu's* Son,
That is, [*trod under foot*] in th' Hebrew Tongue;
His *Name*, and *Fate* harmoniouſly agree,
Yet on this *Duke* no ſuch Fate canſt thou ſee:
*Cozbi* (his Whore) in Hebrew is [a lie]
His *Dutcheſs* to be ſuch, all will deny.
*Cozbi* [*a lie*] was *Balaams* Tool to draw
*Iſrael* from God, and from his Holy Law;
But canſt thou ſay *Balaam of Rome* hath us'd
His *Dutcheſs*, and by her his lies transfus'd:
Thus no congruity collateral,
Can correſpond this *Paraltel* at all;
If th' Duke be no th' *firſt Zimri*, th' *ſecond* leſs, * 1 Kin. 16. 9. 18. 20.
(His Maſters Murtherer in Drunkenneſs*)
As cruel to himſelf as to his Maſter;
Burns th' Houſe o're his own Head: no ſuch diſaſter,
Befalls this *Noble Duke*, whom thou deſpiſes,
And, as thy Fellow ſcoundrel, Scandalizes:
Blacks him with lines blacker with Hell than Ink,
Him worſe Buffoon than thee, to make Men think.
*Beggerd by Fools*, and to b' enrich'd by Knaves,
The *firſt* are *weak*, the latter *Wicked Slaves*:
But who's the *Fool*, that dare a *Star* ſo ſpatter,
(For all thy Guinnies) with thy ſtinking blatter:

Were't

Were't not below ſo great a *luminary*,
To mark ſuch Barking Curs, thy caſe wou'd vary;
There's noiſe in Town of a ſtrange *Whipping Tom*,
But th' greateſt noiſe makes this *true whipping John*;
The firſt (tis ſaid) doth only *Women* whip,
*This* would make *Men*, yea greateſt Men to skip
Under his Laſhes, but they ſcorn his worſt,
Wellknowing he (of all Men) is accurſt.
Right Son of *Iſhmael*, *whoſe Hand's againſt*
All Men, yea great Men ne're ſo high Advanc'd:
Lord *Huntington.* Next, he falls foul on th' brave *Lord Huntington*,
Whom he calls *Well-hung Balaam* in Deriſion,
As if this Patriot, were th' old *Priapus*,
Whom th' Poets feign vaſtly Venereous.
But why a *Balaam* muſt he called be?
I never heard him blam'd for Sorcery;
Nor ever that my *Lord* a *Prophet* was,
Or that he us'd to ride upon an Aſs:
The hit lays here, one *Rhiming* Aſs *Reproves him*,
Another railiug Aſs with Kicks be-*Hoofs* him.
Publiſhing ſlanders, as to be believ'd,
Had not three *Noble Peers* his truth retriev'd:
By *Balaam*, *Balak*, th' Rabbies repreſents,
*Rome's* Church in *Prieſtly*, and in *Regal* Tents;
Thou'ſt got thy *Balaam*, though not of th' right Coat,
But where's thy *Balak*, *Rogers Romiſh Goat*:
E. of *Eſſex.* Next comes the Noble *Earl of Eſſex*, and
Is call'd by thee [*cold Caleb*] as his Brand,
But why? ſince *Caleb* is a name of note,
'Tis (Hebrew) *Hearty*, and doth well denote
This *Hearty* lover of his Liege, and Land,
What e're black-mouths to th' contrary him brand;
Yet *Cordial Caleb* is reproach'd as *cold*,
Is it, becauſe for Children he's too old?

Or

Or is it, 'cause *He* is not in *Gods* stead,
To give himself an Heir on th' Marriage bed?
Sure I am that his *Zeal*'s not *cold* for good,
Both for the * *Cross*, and * *Harp* he briskly stood,
We will suppose him *cold* to Popish tricks,
To th' damn'd Designs of *Rome* he cannot fix:
Next comes to be traduc'd that Noble *Lord*
*Howard of Escrick*, whom he can afford
No better name than *Canting Nadab*, though
Both his Abilities, and Interest Men know.
Yet damns he *him* into Oblivions Grave,
Who would a sinking King and Kingdom save:
Here once again this quibling Poet leaves
His Reader in the dark, and subt'lly weaves
Another slippry name, Ambiguous,
Or *Priest*, or *Prince*, it may be taken thus:
There was a *Nadab*, *Jeroboams* Son,
By whose lew'd life old *Israel* was undone:
*Prince Nadab* cannot be th' *Lord*'s Parallel,
*Lambs Wool*, and *Golden Calves* agree not well:
*He* for's contagious Sin (* by's friend was Slain,
Cast out to th' Dogs from his short sinful Raign:
Will th' Harp and th' Harrow hang together here,
'Twixt such a *Miscreant*, and our *Brave Peer*?
No, 'tis *Priest Nadab*,* *Aarons* Eldest Son,
Who *offerd God strange Fire*, when first begun
His Priestly Office, and happly in over joy,
Was overwarmd with Wine at's new Employ:
Canst thou make these together symbolize,
Whilst thou with wicked wit doth temporize,
No, *Nadabs* Fire will lick up this Lords Pottage,
( Wherewith thou flatters him in thy old dotage )
As did *Elijahs* Fire drink up the water,
Concur they can't in Person, nor in matter:

Makest

* *England.*
* *Ireland.*

L. *Howard,*

* 1 Kin. 15. 25. 26. and *Josephus.*

Levit. 10. 1.

Makeſt thou no diff'rence 'twixt *Lords Spiritual*,
And thoſe of th' Layity, *Lords Temporal*,
Thy *Nadab* was a *Prieſt*, and had he liv'd,
He'd been High Prieſt, as th' eldeſt Son ſurviv'd:
*Lord Howard* never was, nor ever hope
To be thy *Sagan*, *Zadock*, Prieſt or Pope,
*Strange Fire* doth ſlay thy Prieſt in's Youth and Sonleſs,
This *Lord* doth live for all thy *Porridge* ſenſeleſs;
* Sir *Will. Jonas.* No better hits thy *Bull-fac'd Jonas* *next,
I'm ſure thy comment doth confound the Text;
Why muſt Sir *William Jones* thy *Jonas* be?
Is it becauſe th' *Storm-Raiſer's* only He;
What is the Storm which makes thee thus to foam?
Is't: 'cauſe the Ship will not ſteer right to *Rome*:
As *Pauls Ship*, when ſhe *ran* between two Sands,
The *Real*, and the *Sham-Plots* of *three Lands*:
Or *Jonas* he's, to be caſt over Board,
Will this in th' *See of Rome* a calm afford?
Without a Whale to *Ship* him ſafe to Shore,
No, thou wouldſt drown him to be ſeen no more:
Nor this alone would quell thy Romiſh ſtorm,
Thou'lt find more *Jonas*'s to drown or burn;
What *bold-fac'd Bard* art thou that dares to call,
This *Sage* [*Bull-fac'd*,] as if God made not all;
Did *he* make *Treaſon Law*, well to propoſe
The *Habeas-corpus Bill* for *Friends* and *Foes*?
Sher. *Bethel.* Thy *Shimei*'s next on whom thou quibbles worſt,
As if his King he had moſt curs'dly curſt,
Turning good *Bethel* to *Beth-aven* vile,
The worſt of Mankind by thy frothy ſtile;
Did ever thy *Mock Shimei* call the King
A *Bloody Belialiſt*, or ſome ſuch thing,
As mad with Malice, threw he e're a *Stone*,
As well as Curſes, at God's *Nointed one*?

So

So *Shimei* did, *venting* his hellish words,
And venturing his life to *Davids* Swords;
Oh how that dead Dog bark'd * [ *come out, come out* ] * 2Sam. 16. 7.
Thou curſed King: Thus deſperately ſtout;
Had *Bethel* been, he had been *Soundly Bang'd*,
Yea long before this day been *Roundly Hang'd*:
All his rare Vertues thou turns into Vice,
His hopeful Youth, Zeal, Piety and riſe
To Shrievalty, thou makes a Ridicule,
Makes th' City chuſe a *Knave*, if not a *Fool*;
His Juries Damns, though none were panneld more
In *Honeſty*, and *Honour* e're before:
And though thou ſcoff at his frugality,
Yet not a word, how he ſet Priſoners free:
Had his Rome-plaguing courage been but cold,
His Kitchins coldneſs never had been told;
This Shrieve to *Babel* brats gave plaguy Times,
His Chain bound them to *Tyburn, There's his Crimes*:
*Corah* * comes laſt, brings up thy railing Reer, * Dr. *Oats*.
And ſuffers ſlaſhes by thy ſlandering Jeer;
But why is *Doctor Oats* this *Rebel Grand*,
Who with *an Accent* doth recorded ſtand,
Whom thy *Caduceum* transformed ha's,
Into *Nehuſhtan*, monumental Braſs;
Oh wonder-working *Mercury*, can thus
*Oats* into Pillars metamorphoſe us;
As high as th' *Dragon*, on *Bow-Steeple* ſtands,
To ſave from *Romiſh Plots three Siſter Lands*:
This thy *Mercurial Wit* can do, yet looſe
Thy *Oaten Pipes* thereby, that pleaſe thy Muſe:
But oh how ugly ſeems thy *Metaphor*,
Thus to caſt Dirt on *Englands Saviour*;
*That* was the name the *Earl of Danby* gave him,
As th' *Arch Atteſtor* thou (in ſcorn) *God ſave him*.

Who *saved* us from that Damn'd Popiſh Plot,
For which thou ſcoffs, and doth his *Scutcheon* blot:
Nay, all the reſt that therein with him join,
Thou makes them ſuborn'd Rogues for *love* or *Coin*.
Though th' *King*, *four Parliaments* do all adjuſt
Their *Evidence*, as well deſerving Truſt:
Where did he with affronts the *King* Annoy,
* *Agag*. Or threaten him *his* * *Brother* to Deſtroy?
As *Samuel* did *Saul* for *Agags* Death,
*Him* thou *makes Oats* and *Corah* with one breath;
Can th' Doctor be *Corah*, and *Samuel*,
The *laſt* not *firſt* is a fit parallel.
*Corah* ( in Hebrew ) ſignifieth [*Bald*]
Thus th' *Doctor Corah* never's better call'd,
While he was in *Corahs Conſpiracy*,
With his *Bald* Crown 'mong Prieſts in Treachery:
Now he's come off from *Corahs* Tents, *Romes Lord*,
( If not at *Moſes*, at *Meſſias* word )
Diſcovers th' Grandees of th' Conſpiracy,
Stil'd *Corah* ſtill he ſhould not be by thee:
Oh how far wide thou ſhoots in this, thy Type
( of thy *two Corahs* ) Jars with th' Antitype,
They ſuit in nothing, ſave both *Levites* be
A *Rebel That*, but *Loyal This* all ſee:
Save he that's blind, or willfully doth wink,
Thus *King* and *Parliaments* did truly think:
*Corah* the Jew a chief Ring-leader was,
Of black Rebellion a moſt ſturdy Aſs,
Nor *God*, nor *Moſes* will be warned by,
But will be *Captain* of th' Conſpiracy:
*He's* not content to be a *Levite* bare,
He'l have the *Prieſthood* too, and th' *Ephod* wear:
*Moſes* and *Aaron* both ſhall ſtoop to me,
I'le be both *Prince*, and *Prieſt*, (proudly ſaid he)

The

The *meekeſt Man on Earth* was moved much,
To hear th' Arch-Rebels Mouth out-belching ſuch
Blaſphemous words, proclaiming th' People Holy,
They might turn *Prieſts*, and not be blam'd for Folly.
This *Leveller* dies not a common Death,
Conſuming Fire and Earthquake ſtops his Breath,
When but one day *he* and *his Company*,
(Like Children) had blown up their Bubbles high;
No ſooner are blown up, but are blown out,
And fall on th' Eyes and Heads of th' *Rebel-Rout*.
Now (vain Poematiſt) how canſt thou take
Right meaſures here, and an *hit* happy make
'Twixt thy two *Corahs* in the *Act* or *End*,
Vaſt difference in *both* thou maiſt attend:
How can thy Jingles jump in any one
Of *Corahs Acts* (Ramm'd with Rebellion)
With this brave *Doctors* brisk Diſcovery
Of the Rude Romiſh-Rebel's Treachery:
Hath *he* aſpir'd thy *Zadock* to *Un grace*,
And to aſſume th' *High-prieſthood* as *his* place?
Where are his *Prieſts* and *Princes* to Conſpire
Againſt *Meek Moſes*, for *Jehovah's* Ire?
When did *his Dathans* and *Abirams* Rail
At our *Mild Moſes*, ſcorn his *Royal* Call? *
*None* ſay, *They'l not come up* to Parliament,
When *Moſes* Royal Writs to them are ſent:
*None* ſtile that *Bondage Houſe* a *flowing Land*,
*With Hony, Milk, none* for returning ſtand,
If thus the *Acts* do miſs, much more the *End*,
*Rome* cannot *Oats* to *Purgatory* ſend:
'Cauſe th' ſturdy Rebels [*they'l not come up*] ſaid,
They *did go down* into the *Daleſom Shade*
Of *Earth*, and *Death* but th' *Doctor* ſtands his *Ground*,
Though th' *Hue and Crye* hath made its empty Sound:

* Numb. 16. 12, 13, 14.

The blaſt whereof happ'ly blew off his Gown,
When *him Romes Breath* from *Whitehall* blew to *Town*:
Tis true, the *Romaniſts* have *him blown up*,
In *London*, yet *he* may both Dine and Sup;
And *they* have *him* blown down from th' *Pallace Royal*,
Yet th' *City* ſhelters him as *Truly Loyal*;
*There* thou and thine muſt let the *Doctor* reſt,
Unſwallowed up alive by *Popiſh Peſt*,
Conclude with this remark, the *Beaſt of Rome*,
To a ſtrange *Surfeit* now *by Oats* is come:
When this (Poematiſt) hath doom'd his *Whiggs*,
He hands his *Tories* in with dainty *Jiggs*;
Thy very front hath a moſt happy hit,
*Ireland* was firſt the proper *Tories* Seat:
Thy *Van* thou rankeſt *Good Barzillai** old,
I wiſh that *Earl* as *good*, yea more, twice told:
Thou ſay'ſt, the riſing Rebels *he* withſtood,
But ſay'ſt not, whether thoſe of th' *Iriſh Brood*,
Or of the *Engliſh*; ſure, it was his Glory,
(His name will ſhine in everlaſting Story)
So far as *he* the *Iriſh Rebels* huſh'd,
Who many thouſand *Proteſtants* had cruſh'd:
But much diſparity thou'lt ſurely find,
'Twixt this *old Jew*, and th' *Earl* of Iriſh kind;
Why muſt this *Noble Earl Barzillai* be,
Neither in Names, nor *Natures* they agree;
The *Name* [*as hard as Iron*] ſignifies,
But thou cries up thy *Earl* for Charities;
[*Large was his wealth, but larger was his Heart.*]
He's Character'd by thy own jingling Art:
Nor doth their *Natures* better here Accord,
*Barzillai* paſs'd not over *Jordans* Ford:
Nor did he with his *God-like Prince* return
Unto *Jeruſalem*, (though he did mourn,

* E. of *Ormond.*

With

With him in exile) as for *Mirth*, *and *Treasures*, *2 Sam. 19.
He judg'd himself unfit for *Courtly Pleasures*: 33. 35.
His Soul was so Divine, he could not breath,
But where, retir'd, *he might prepare for *Death*, *V. 36.
And *lay hold* also *on Eternal Life*; * *1 Tim. 6.
I would this were all Aged Peoples strife: 19.
But why's not *Eldest Hope* *call'd *Chimham* here, *E. of Offory.
Whose Blood was brisk, and thought not Death was
Was it'cause *Chimham* was not snatch'd away (neer:
As *He*, but liv'd in *Court all Davids Day*:
But now thy wanton Wit rants over wild,
Thou seem'st a frothy Fool, or Pagan Child;
Profanely says, *to snatch in Manhood prime*,
*This Hopeful Earl*, was *Providence's Crime*,
And an *unequal Fate*: Black Blasphemy!
Branding *Gods Wisdom*, and his *Purity*:
*He that doth all things well, must he* be blam'd?
*His ways are not unequal*, yet defam'd,
Must *Humane Folly Divine Wisdom* thwart?
Must th' *Sun* corrected be by th' *Dyals Art*?
*God of his matters never gives Account*,
His *Will's* a *Law*, as He's *Lord Paramount*:
But why dost thou from grave *Barzillai* fly.
Next unto *Zadock* so prepost'rously;
None 'twixt that *Prince*, and this *Priest* canst thou find?
Distressed *David* had one Princely Friend;
*Ittai* the *Gittite*, *th' King of *Gath* his Son, P. *Ruptri*.
Stuck close to *David* (against *Absolon*)
*Who* was *an Exile*, yet the *Hebrew Faith*
Asserted, and its King (the Scripture saith *) *2 Sam. 15.
Third part of th' Army to *his* Conduct was 18. 19. 20.
Committed by the King, * and Triumph ha's: *Ch. 18. 2.
*Strong* was his Name, *my Sign*, and *Plowshare* too,
In th' Holy Tongue, all th' Rebels to undo:

How

How cam'ſt thou this *Brave Prince* to overlook,
( Before thy *Zadock* in thy pedantick Book )
May be ; 'twas wilful blindneſs not to trace
A Parallel to ſuit *Prince Rupert*'s caſe,
Of Royal Extract, and an Exile is,
Through By-got Papiſts, yet he's *Englands Bliſs*,
Stoutly aſſerteth the *Reformed Faith*
'Gainſt Wind and Tide (with *David*) weather'd hath:
Third part of th' Army was *his* Commiſſion,
True hath he been to th' *Father*, and to th' Son:
Nor hath *he* wanted *Triumphs* in his Days,
God Grant *he* may *our Faith* to Triumph raiſe:
Had'ſt thou Hit here on this *Right Parallel*,
It might have qualifi'd ſome Errours well:
But thou doſt leap o're *him* to *Zadock* * next,
Yet there's thy Comment ſhorter than the Text,*
Neither in *this*, lines Parallel can run,
*Abiathar* ( then High Prieſt ) had not done,
*Zadock* was then but *Sagan* under *him*,
*Whom Solomon* diſplac'd, plac'd *Zadok* in:
Whoſe *lowly mind* rais'd not to Grace or Place,
'Twas 'cauſe deſcended right of *Aarons* Race:
Hadſt thou thy *Talmud* well conſulted, there
Thou might'ſt have found a *Law* that doth declare,
*None High-Prieſt* can be, till he's *Sagan* firſt;
But th' *Engliſh Zadock*'s Leap oppoſe who durſt?
Having a Royal Hand to help him o're,
All th' *Biſhops* Heads, though *he* was *none* before,
Much leſs the *Sagan*, which he ſhou'd have been
Before ( by th' *Talmnd* ) *Metropolitene*:
Next comes thy *Sagan*, * whom thou hop'ſt to ſee,
Thy *Zadock*, that *his Poet* thou mayſt be,
Or better dignifi'd, would th' *old Man* die,
And leave for *him* his *Lambeth* Dignity:
Hence 'tis, a *Diſtich* muſt thy *Zadock* ſtarve,
Eight lines (no leſs) muſt thy *Young Sagan* ſerve;

Wherein

* A. B. of *Canterbury*.
* 2 *Sam.* 15. from 24. to 30.
B. of *London*.

Wherein thou Skews him off with motly Colours;
Hoping to have his *Crowns*, if not his *Dollars*,
Yea better, *Angels*, *Guinnies*, all in Sums,
When from *Annas* to *Caiphas he* comes!
Thy next is *Adriel*, * I cannot guess,
How he suits *David's Worthies* more or less;
The Jewish *Adriel* of *Ephraim*,
In Marrying *Merab* was *most false* to *Him*;
Twice *Saul* to *David* had *her* promised,
Yet *Adriel* dare take *her* to his Bed;
By whom he had five Sons, * all which were hang'd;
Whereby *perfidiousness* was briskly bang'd:
Can *this Man* represent *our David's Friend*?
More like he is a *Foe* or a *Damn'd Fiend*!
'Tis true, *he* hath some Honours, lately took
From th' *Dutiful*, (not *Disobedient*) *Duke*;
The Hebrew name [*the Flock of God*] doth sound,
I wish him [*of it*] and [*in it*] be found!
Next *Jotham* * comes, who [*perfect*] signifies,
Thou makes him so, 'cause he both Parties Tri's;
*Jotham* was one, who could declare his *Mind*,
Yet so in *Parables*, * as few could find
His *meaning*, till became *fix'd Mercury*,
'Fore e're in *motion*, ne're *rest* quietly:
*Jotham* was one who *Curses* could pour forth,
(Even on the *Mount of Blessing*) looking *North*:
*Jotham* was one who *fled away and went*, *
As if affrighted with a *Parliament*:
Thy Parallel may meet in *these*, in *more*,
Yet differs it, for *he* was long before
*King David*, so *he* could not be his Friend,
Slain were his Brethren by a *Bastard Hind*:
*He* was but *young*, *thine old*, a *Saviour's* Son
Was *he*, and had Gods Inspiration;
Foretelliug Fates, that fell upon his Foes,
He had a *bloody Bramble* to oppose:

E. of *Mongrave*.

* 1 Sam. 18. 19.

* 2 Sam. 21.

E. of *Halifax*.

* Judg. 9. 7. 8. &c. 2. 22.

* Judg. 9. 21.

Quadrate

Quadrate theſe cannot in thy Parallel,
No better hit have *Huſhai*, *Ammiel*:
Next *Huſhai** comes [Hebrew] that *meaning* mind,
*Haſting* to Honours, to vain *Poets* kind;
Thy wild harangue therefore doth *Varniſh* thus,
[ Moſt *Frugal* he's, and yet moſt *Bounteous*.]
Thy *Type* is blam'd for Deep Diſſimulation,
And for Equivocating Reſervation;
*Pretending Service*, but *Intending Slips*;
Is *This* fit Lettuce for thy Flattering Lips?
Or will *This* with thy *Antitype* agree?
Perhaps His ſtarch't *Orations* thou may'ſt ſee
That to Ambition are adapted well,
His *Friend*'s for a *Fool's Paradiſe* to ſell:
Thy *Ammiel** comes the laſt, brings up the *Reer*,
And (could he ſay) [*God with me*] well it were;
*The Poet* ſaith, that *Scab comes hindermoſt*;
Why wilt thou Thruſt *Him* laſt on whom's thy *Boaſt*?
As if all other Chairmen, Charioteers
Were but fond *Phaetons* to Him, none ſteers
(Like this *Brave Pilot*) th' *Ship*, the *Sanedrim*,
That ſince Run wrong, becauſe they Queſtion Him,
Which of the Scripture *Ammiels* is He?
But barely *Nam'd*, then *where*'s thy *Harmony*?
One is *Cold Caleb's Camrade*, th'other is
*Achitophel*'s *Ally*, ſo not *thy Bliſs*:
Thy *Wearied Muſe* (thou ſayſt) muſt bear the Blame
For *Hobbling* thus at th'cloſing of the Game:
Thy *Mingles* (both of *Paint* and *Dirt*) are *much*,
Thy Cap'ring Jumps, and Cogging Dy's are ſuch,
That (with *thy Muſe*) *My Muſe* is wearied;
'Tis time for both now to betake to *Bed*,
There *Acquieſce* in Hope of *Parliaments*
*That* may chaſtize thy *Senſeleſs Sentiments*.

* L. *Hyde.*

* L. *Seimor.*

* Hebrew Ammiel.

*FINIS.*